

Every Five Minutes In The Day A New



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The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Medal of Honor.

[Original.]
The British government gives its soldiers who show great bravery in life saving a decoration called the Victoria cross. The badge is an unpretentious affair made of gun metal, but it is the most coveted of any British army honor. In America we have no such decoration, and when a man bravely rescues a comrade he must be content with the thanks of the man he has saved.

During the Mexican war a general of brigade was one day reconnoitering with an ad-de-camp when he ran full upon a nest of Mexicans, who spat fire like so many rattlesnakes. The aid threw himself before his general and covered his retreat, receiving a wound in the arm and one in the leg. The general escaped unhurt. When the affair was over and the two dismounted before the general's tent he said to his aid:

"What's that on your belt clasp?"
The aid looked down and pulled away a bullet that had been fattened against the brass clasp. Had it not been stopped on its way it would have penetrated the youngster's stomach, and that at that time meant death. The general pressed the young man's hand and said:

"When Lieutenant Passmore went home after the war he took the fattened bullet with him. He used to call it his medal. A man who is especially adapted for fighting is often useless for anything else, and Passmore failed completely in a business life which he took up on leaving the army. Perhaps the disposition he had shown to bear another's burdens was not in accord with commercialism, where the object often is to outwit those with whom one does business.

The poor fellow at last got ragged. His appearance was all the more slouchy from the wound he had received in the leg. In saving his commander's life, since it caused him to limp. He pawned his belongings one after another. His watch and chain he held as long as possible, because they had been given him by his mother. When his watch went in order to keep up appearances with his chain he took his fattened bullet and wore it where the watch should be.

Meanwhile the general whose life Passmore had saved had prospered. We will call him Wingate. He had made money, and the prominence arising from his wealth and his services in war had placed him in a high position in politics. He became governor of his state. Since he lived in the eastern states and his former ad-de-camp in the west the two were apart. Passmore after hearing that Wingate had attained so high a position spent six months trying to make up his mind to apply to him for some subordinate office whereby he could make a living. Finally he overcame his retiring disposition, succeeded in borrowing

enough money to pay his fare and went to see the governor.
He arrived on the day of a great parade of the state militia. The governor was to review the procession. Passmore took a position near the stand and saw his former general enter with his suit. He tried to reach a point on the street in front of and below the governor's seat, but a policeman stopped him.

"Let me go on," said Passmore. "I know the governor personally."
The policeman looked suspicious, but passed him. Passmore stood directly beneath his old chief, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. The parade was late in moving and had not arrived. The governor took out his watch impatiently.

"This isn't the way you moved on the Mexicans, governor," said Passmore, looking up from under his hat. The governor glanced down to see who spoke.

"You moved on time, governor," Passmore continued.
"Ah, yes, my good man. They'll be here directly. They're only ten minutes late."

"Half an hour."
"My watch says 12:10," rejoined the governor. "The head of the column was to have passed here at 12."

"Your watch is wrong, governor—twenty minutes wrong."
"What time have you, my friend?" asked the governor.

Passmore pulled out the fattened bullet.
A change came over the governor's face. His eyes were glued to the crude medal. It brought a far distant memory. Then he leaped over the rail that divided him from the street, grasped Passmore's hat and pulled it off.

"Great heavens! Are you Tommy Passmore?"

"That I am, general."
The governor was a large, powerful man. He took Passmore by the collar, lifted him clean over the rail and set him down in a seat beside him. Just then there was a hurrah down the street, strains of martial music, and governor and staff assumed that position of attention and dignity expected of a reviewing party. Then the procession passed, many wondering who the shabby man beside the governor was.

The world is full of ingratitude, but the army doesn't foster it. Soldiers rarely forget that other life when their standards were different. The governor gave Passmore a lucrative office, and when the former went to the senate Passmore went to Washington with him.

And Passmore hung on to his fattened bullet. Senator Wingate borrowed it, and when he returned it the soft metal was incased and on the case was an inscription stating how the "decoration" was won.

MERRICK AUGUR.

The Inspiration of Music.

"I went to the opera last night."
"What did you hear?"
"That Mrs. Browning is going to get a divorce, Mrs. Biggs has the dearest dog and a new baby and the Huttons are to live in India."—Harper's Weekly.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Black Balls by Electricity.

Electrical balloting is one of the latest innovations introduced by the Automobile club of America in its magnificent new clubhouse in New York, says Technical World Magazine for October. Formerly the board of governors made use of the old-fashioned black and white ball plan. This was good enough so long as there were not very many applicants for membership to be balloted for, but when the lists assumed large proportions a great deal of time was lost by the handling of the little spheres and the ballot box. So a new and much superior system was devised by the club's first vice-president and consulting engineer, Dr. Schuyler Skates Wheeler. Instead of there being a ballot box passed, each member sits in his chair and presses a button, transmitting his vote electrically to the ballot box. Each voter has in his hand a small block of wood in which are two push-buttons, one black and the other white. If he has no objection to the member whose name is up, he presses the white button and his vote is recorded accordingly; but if he thinks the club would be better off without the applicant, he presses the black one. In either case, he votes absolutely in secret, and in the twinkling of an eye.

Restriction of Oculation.

To this extent we may agree with the physician, that oculation should be confined to those of approximately the same ages; the indiscriminate kissing of babies, keenly susceptible to attacks from germs of all kinds, and the fondling of young women by old men, and of young men by old women, are practices not only offensive in themselves, but unjust in the sense of depriving others of their just dues. We know of but one instance of happiness, though of a milligram kind, having been secured through abstention from kissing. That was the case of a lady who married a man who had a bad breath, and who went to her grave, conscious, of course, of the suffering she had undergone from such hateful contact, but quite unaware that all men's breaths were offensive. Inasmuch as the poor lady probably could not have divorced her wretched husband, it may, perhaps, be urged that she profited from her ignorance; but we have never heard any boasting more absurd than that of her relatives over so rare an example of perfect chastity. As a matter of fact, of course, the unfortunate lady's exceptional ignorance merely evidenced her unattractiveness; because, surely, nobody will insist that a comely female, wed or unwed, deaf, dumb or blind, ever passed through life in such utter darkness.—George Harvey, in The North American Review for October.

A New Child Story by Josephine Daskam Bacon.

"An Idyl of the Road," by Josephine Daskam Bacon, is one of the best of her stories of delightfully naughty children. It is the story of a young lady, "ten'n a quarter" years old, destined by a prim aunt for a strictly conventional life. Fascinated by the frank smile and free life of a wandering youth who, a trained terrier, Miss Caroline takes to the road for one long delicious May day, singing ballads under the greenwood tree. "What was a knowledge of the uninteresting limits of her native state compared to that soft fresh wind on her cheek, that indescribable odor of brown earth?"

Safes Cracked in Public.

"One hundred and fifty bankers," says the Technical World Magazine for October, recently gathered at Youngstown, Ohio, to watch expert workmen blow their way into a number of presumably burglar proof safes. It was, in fact, a competitive test as to invulnerability between a number of bank safes made by as many companies.

The contest narrowed down to a safe manufactured of chrome steel and another composed of manganese steel. Each was subjected to three explosions, applied in the same manner and of equal power. Two pounds of dynamite were first used, placed upon the top of the safes. It opened the joints of the chrome steel safe. In the other instance it made a hole in the manganese steel safe, the top, knocking off some of the enamel covering.

Next a charge of four ounces of nitro-glycerine was applied to the chrome steel, which cracked the framework, forcing out the circular door to the extent of several inches. A charge of the same quantity merely sealed the enamel of the other safe. A second of the same quantity of nitro-glycerine blew the door of the first safe from its hinges, bending a portion of the inside plates, wrenching the framework, and broke the metal lining into scraps. A similar charge applied to the other destroyed more of the enamel, but apparently did no other damage until the safe was opened. Then it was found that the glass plate confining the time-lock had been shattered. The lock had been "wound" to open the safe shortly after the time appointed for the test. When the door was opened it was found that the operation of the clock work had not been affected.

OPENS WELL IN NEW YORK

David Warfield in His New
G. A. R. Play

GREETED BY LARGE HOUSE

New Stuyvesant Theatre Just Constructed by Delasco Was Dedicated Wednesday Night—What The Sun Says of the Star.

David Warfield, who played "The Grand Army Man" in the Barre opera house ten days ago, during his preliminary season, opened at the new Stuyvesant theatre in New York City Wednesday night and was given a warm greeting. He was supported by the same company which was with him here. The New York Sun devotes a column and a half to the opening, saying in part:

Delasco's beautiful new Stuyvesant theatre in West Forty-fourth street was opened last night with David Warfield in his new play, "A Grand Army Man," as the inaugural attraction, and the event was potent to bring together an audience limited only by the size of the playhouse, all eager for the first peep at the theatre and the first sight of Warfield in a fresh part. Public interest in Mr. Delasco's achievements and public affection for the star lent an air almost of family festivity to the gathering. There was the fascination of watching a new character unfold upon the stage, of seeing a new play develop which, as a genre picture, recalled James A. Herne at his best. There was the charm of seeing a man of such calibre and such a reputation, transmitting his voice electrically to the little spheres and the ballot box. Each voter has in his hand a small block of wood in which are two push-buttons, one black and the other white. If he has no objection to the member whose name is up, he presses the white button and his vote is recorded accordingly; but if he thinks the club would be better off without the applicant, he presses the black one. In either case, he votes absolutely in secret, and in the twinkling of an eye.

Then follows a description of the new theatre, followed by an account of the play. Of Warfield, the Sun critic writes: "Warfield's aim as an actor is well known; his art is mimetic, he is a realist, a sentimental realist, and simplicity in acting is his gospel. And simplicity has accordingly been made the keynote of the new play. It is a story reduced to the lowest terms. This story is embellished with pictorial detail, such as the meeting of the post and the dedication of the action may seem thin to many theatregoers accustomed to the melodramatic vigor of some of the Delasco plays. And it is a story by no means so fresh as the setting and characters, which will not be a surprise, perhaps, to anybody."

"There is in his playing no excess of speech or gesture, no strut or shouting; the effects are achieved by an eloquent simplicity and honesty of method which make them potent over the heart, irresistibly tending and touching. Save for his failure (an odd failure in such a mimic as he) to catch to the life the peculiar speech of the Indian, Warfield sustains with minute fidelity of realism the surface aspects of his part and also its sweetness and humble dignity, throughout the play. His Wes Bigelow, a living, breathing man. But only in this scene with his son does he touch those depths of passion which some day the public will demand of his fine powers, a demand he will have then to meet."

GROWING GIRLS NEED PINK PILLS

The Tonic Necessary for Their
Proper Development and to
Insure a Healthful and
Happy Life—Read This
Statement of an Iowa
Woman.

There is a form of anemia, or bloodlessness, that often afflicts growing girls, that has been called the anemia of development. It requires care and proper attention as neglect may cause a life of unhappiness and suffering. There is also danger of consumption, especially if a dry, hacking cough is noticed. The disease is in the blood and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are particularly well adapted to cure it. We have yet to hear of a case in which these blood-making pills have been tried without success.

Miss Esther E. Darch, of 213-1/2 Main street, Davenport, Iowa, says: "When I was a school girl I became afflicted with anemia and grew so weak that I could scarcely walk. There was a craving for starch and I ate a great deal of it. I was pale and thin, had no ambition and was subject to hysterical attacks. My breath was so short that I would have to sit down and rest on the way up the school steps. I would fall asleep during a recitation in spite of my efforts to keep awake and at last had to give up going to school."

"Sometimes it seemed as if my heart would jump out of my body. Almost everything I ate hurt my stomach and I had a bladder trouble that caused me to blot and puff up. I had two doctors during the two years before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at last they told my mother that they could do nothing for me."

"Our druggist recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and when I had taken them about three weeks I noticed a change for the better. Altogether I used them for about a year and they gave me new life and health when every other means had failed. I have recommended the pills to many others and am always glad to do so."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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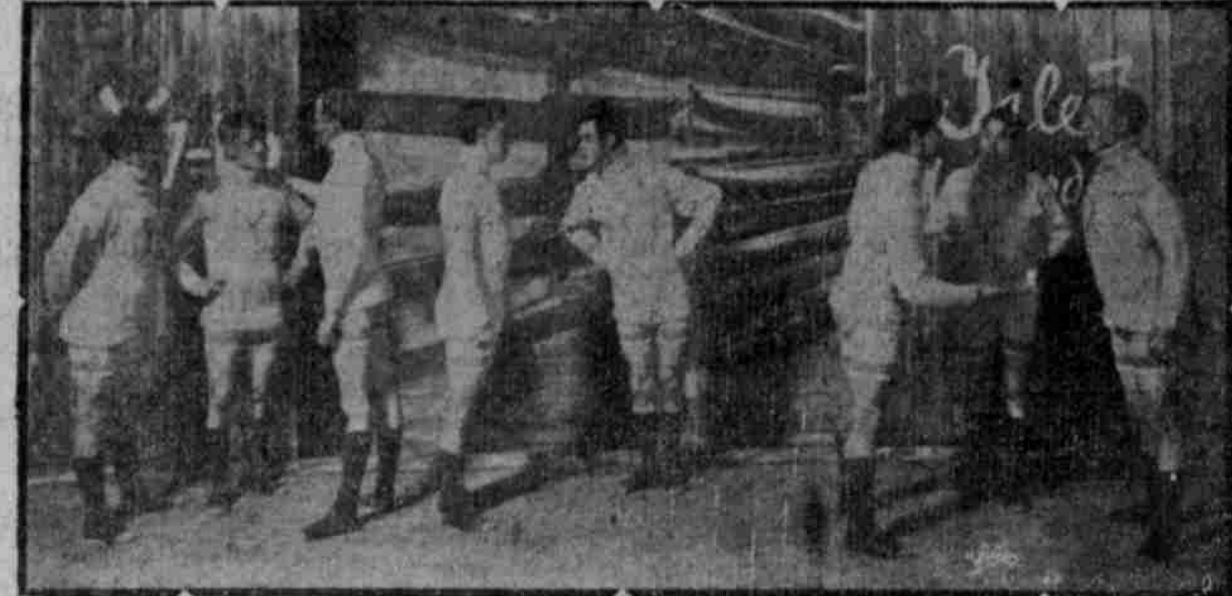
with plays of more profound significance. He has never quite touched these depths before. This second act is his finest achievement.

"Mr. Delasco has of course mounted the play with a realism no less thoroughgoing and effective than Warfield's acting. The humble sitting room of acts I and IV has almost an eloquence of its own, as of familiar things becomes suddenly the center of attention. And the G. A. R. hall dedicated in act II fairly smelt of new pine."

"Reuben Fax is conspicuous in the cast for his fine portrayal of a veteran, who

is also a country lawyer of weight and dignity, and Miss Marie Bates of course has a sympathetic part, though she hardly fits so easily into the Indiana household as she did into the flat in Houston street. Young William Elliott, however, of the supporting company gives Mr. Warfield the most valuable assistance. He makes of the thoughtless son such a natural, liberal lad, he plays the part with so much charm and unsophistication that what might well be strained and improbable becomes the firm cornerstone of the play. Howard Hall has deserted melodrama to play the Jude; his desertion is only partial—both the part and his manner of playing it smack of that world where villains wear a label."

"One must be permitted this little bit of snarling, for so excellently is almost every character played, so naturally are all the details of crowd and children and dumb things handled, so conspicuous is the public success of the play and of Mr. Warfield and of the new theatre that the poor critic is hard put to fulfill his mission in the world, and can only sit back like anybody else and have a good time."



SCENE FROM "AT YALE" AT THE OPERA HOUSE TUESDAY NIGHT.

The Celebration of the Yale Victory.

Once in a great while a play comes to the public with all sails set and captures by right of force and right. Such a play is Jules Murry's great college play, "At Yale." In nearly all plays of this sort, where there is a distinctively strong scene in the next to the last act, there is naturally a drop of interest in the final scene. The enthusiasm seems to run dry. The enjoyment is exhausted. The wind-up is nothing more than a futile attempt to bring the happy couples together and receive the father's blessings before the curtain falls with a dull thud and everyone wonders why the last act was not omitted. In this new college play, there is this difference. After a most stirring scene, the ingrats, equalled by none on the stage this season—the last act comes like a new breath from the same fountain head of joyousness and jubilant merrymaking.

True, the battle is over; the fight that has been imminent for an entire year has been waged to the death and the victors have been seen triumphantly winning the prize away from the vanquished rivals. And now comes the time of merrymaking. This is the time for rejoicing. The strain is over and in its place is the exultant cry of victorious triumph. The two adversaries, Yale and Harvard, have met and Yale has triumphed. The yearly hazard of brawn and muscle has been decided in favor of the sons of Eli and they are rejoicing as only college boys can rejoice.

Jubilant songs ring out on the summer air. College cheers are shouted from one length of the grounds to the other. Parades are made with the victors carried high on the shoulders of the classmates who helped their cheers while the conquerors rowed to victory.

Dick Seely, the hero of the day, is the hero of the night. Borne in triumph over the lawn, held high above the rest, he is obliged to make a speech at every possible stopping place. The annual

dance is going on in the hotel parlors. An air of excitement runs through the throng of pretty girls and bronzed men. Everywhere the same happy smile, the same of success, the same of victorious conquest. Nimble feet are tripping to the sound of the orchestra within the parlor walls, while outside, the sound of the stronger, more boisterous college songs make the welkin ring.

There is no lacking of interest here. All is joy, riotous, hilarious joy. Vivid and intensely picturesque joy, the joy known only to the young, the exultant young, the victorious young. As in the scene that precedes this, the audience is swept from its usual calm to unusual demonstrations of intense excitement, so in this last scene the same audience is kept at fever heat with the excitement in their air, the excitement of victory and the rejoicing resultant upon the victory won in the afternoon.

Manager Murry has brought to this scene one of the most truthful pictures of college enthusiasm and riotous pleasures ever seen on the stage.

SAFE BLOWN UP IN NEW YORK CITY

Robbers Got \$4,000 in Checks and Cash From the Marquise Chocolate Company at Ninth Avenue.

New York, Oct. 18.—The police of the old West Twentieth street station are hunting for safe-blowers who succeeded in making a big haul from the Marquise Chocolate company, at 85 Ninth avenue, during Wednesday night, a total of \$4,000 in checks and cash being carried away after the door of the safe had been shattered with nitro-glycerine.

The Marquise Chocolate company is a new concern. Since Sept. 1 it has had the four upper floors of the six-story building. The firm has not done business yet and was to begin active operations on Nov. 1. In the meantime, the work of perfecting the organization and getting stock ready was in progress.

Wednesday a payment was due on the stock subscriptions, and a sum was received after banking hours. The exact amount of this is unknown, according to Charles H. Kindelberger, Jr., secretary of the company. As nearly as he can tell, it was something more than \$4,000, of which \$300 was in cash and the rest in checks. Many of the checks were payable to bearer.

When Kindelberger reached the office the whole place was in confusion. The safe door had been shattered and the cash box was missing. The rug on the office floor had been used to deaden the sound of the explosion. On the floor of the office there was an electric flash lamp, a piece of fuse, and a lot of postage stamps. Several desks had been piled open.

When the police were notified and Detective Fogarty and two associates were put on the case, it was found that the burglars had entered from the scullery. On the roof was a jimmy that had been used to gain entrance. As the men went down into the building they jimmied open doors into all of the floors except the fifth, but nothing had been disturbed.

EAST BARRE.

The train from the hill on Saturday night will be held until after the performance of "The Train Robbers" at the Barre opera house.

TWO SKILLED MILL GIRLS ARE DEPORTED.

Came from Scotland to Work at Grafton, But Unions Protested.

Boston, Oct. 18.—Because of the activity of the labor unions, two bright and intelligent young Scotch girls, each a skilled textile worker, who came to this country about a month ago to work in a mill at Grafton and were detained at the immigration station on Long wharf.

have been ordered deported back to Scotland by the Washington authorities on the charge that they are contract labor. The deportation orders were issued after the matter had been brought to the attention of the officials by officers of the labor unions.

The girls are Annie McGrogin, 28, and Lizzie Rocks, 19. They can perform a class of work very much needed by the textile factories in this country and not procurable here. Both express keen regret that they are obliged to return home.

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Is acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the country for those painful ailments peculiar to women.

For more than 20 years it has been curing Female Complaints, such as Inflammation, and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, Backache, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Records show that it has cured more cases of Female Ills than any other one remedy known.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage of development. Dragging Sensations causing pain, weight, and headache are relieved and permanently cured by its use.

It corrects Irregularities or Painful Functions, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility; also, Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "Don't care and want to be left alone" feeling, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Flatulency, Melancholia or the "Blues." These are sure indications of female weakness or some organic derangement.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most excellent remedy.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Her advice is free and always helpful.



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